



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are of great value in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**HEADACHE.**

Who they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**ACHE**

is the cause of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sent everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

**TWO ACTS OF PROVIDENCE.**

Nothing Less Could Have Saved the Train From Destruction.

"I didn't leave my job on my own account," said the ex-train dispatcher as he settled himself down to his yarn, "and my being bounced was a mean piece of business. If Providence was ever on the side of an overworked and underpaid railroad employee, it was with me that last night, and the superintendent ought to have realized the fact. It was on an Ohio railroad, and the headquarters were in Cincinnati. We had a strike, two or three accidents and a row at headquarters, and I'd been doing two men's work for 10 nights. On this last night I was clean played out and asked for a relief, but nobody was to be had. When the line was working all right and a man is feeling good, train despatching is as easy as rolling off a log. You can locate every train on the rails within a hundred rods, and unless some pig headed conductor refuses to obey instructions there's no chance for an accident.

"That night I had four through passenger trains, two locals, a Blue line and two or three regular freights to look after. Everything was all right up to about midnight. At that hour the western express would reach Kingsville and side track for the limited going east and due at 12:10. I gave the customary order, as I thought, and it was 12:30 before it suddenly flashed across me that I had made a mix of it. For 30 seconds I was as cold as ice from head to heels, and then a hot wave seemed to strike me, and I came near fainting away. I had ordered the express to run to Diamonddale, where I meant it for the Blue line. She'd meet the limited head on about four miles west of Kingsville, and both trains had a full complement of passengers. It was too late for me to stop either one, and I was just about to order out a wrecking train, telegraph the company doctors and rouse out the superintendent, when I got a call from Robert's Crossing. This was a milk station, but a telegraph operator had been put there only the day before. He had been routed out of bed in a farmhouse to communicate with me.

"You may doubt my statement, but you wouldn't if you'd been on either of those trains. They were flying for each other like cyclones, when the engine on the limited collapsed a flue and was brought to a standstill within 100 feet of the station, with engineer and fireman badly scalded. At the same time the express struck a cow standing on the track, and though not derailed was brought to a stop scarcely 100 feet on the other side. There they were headed for each other, with only one chance in a thousand of escaping an awful calamity, and yet Providence gave me that chance. The officials ought to have given me another show, but I got the bounce and have stood bounced. I'm selling a patent washing machine now and not taking any chances."—Detroit Free Press.

**Preserving Harmony of Color.**

At a recent exhibition of modern paintings in Germany the subjoined announcement was posted up: "Take Notice—In order that the effect of the pictures may not be totally lost, or at least partially impaired, by the loud and glaring colors of ladies' dresses, the managers have decided to issue the following regulations: The galleries are only open to visitors dressed in white, black or violet. Gray has the privilege of being admitted at a reduced entrance fee. Violet is admitted free of charge. Persons wearing the national costumes are refused admittance." The public are requested to observe the above rules in the interest of art and artists, and be particular to appear in violet."—Exchange.

**OCEAN TROLLEY.**

Latest Plan to Send Great Ships Spinning Across the Sea.

It is pretty well understood that the limit of speed in ocean steamers is about reached by the present models as adhered to, and that if there is to be any gain in swiftness it must be by the trial of a new form. The difficulty is to devise a vessel of which the structural strength shall be great enough to carry the massive engines requisite for increased speed and at the same time to resist the force of the ocean storms. If the sea were calm, there would be no difficulty in increasing the speed of the "ocean greyhounds," but with the tremendous force of waves and storms it is not possible to do this with the present models.

It is not impossible that the solution of the problem lies in the submarine ship, and that the passenger steamer of the future will go under water instead of across its surface. The advance made in the planning and working of submarine boats in the last 10 years makes this seem not wholly impossible, as it must have looked once, and there is no doubt that the freedom from the effects of surface storms would allow a swiftness which could hardly be arrived at on the surface. It might also solve the question of seasickness, as it is probable that submarine locomotion would be much smoother and less disturbing to the stomach than the present method of traveling. All that one can say, however, is that we shall see what we shall see.

Perhaps the steamer of the future will be operated on a trolley by means of a submarine cable. The advantages of this plan would be great, as it would prevent the necessity of carrying immense quantities of fuel and of keeping the vessel loaded down with enormous engines. All the delay and difficulty and expense of managing furnaces and engines on board ship would be done away with by the oceanic trolley system, and the ship could be made so much lighter that it could go whizzing across the ocean in a couple of days. Danger of accident could be brought to be no greater than it is at present by having a sufficient number of repair steamers on the route, which could keep the cables in repair, and in case of any accident to the trolley could bring the passenger boat into port or put it again in connection with the cable.

There can be no question that the proper means of crossing the Atlantic quickly is by some system which will allow the motive power to be applied from the shore, either by a trolley or a cable. The limit of speed for ships that carry engines and fuel is certainly practically reached on the surface, and there are difficulties in the way of submarine navigation which it would be hard to conquer. The trolley system is capable of great extension, and we may yet live to go to Europe by its means.—Boston Courier.

**Augustine Brohan.**

One day on leaving the stage Augustine Brohan happened to hear two fellow artists discussing a subject which seemed to be extremely engrossing. On questioning them as to the topic of conversation:

"We are speaking of the creation," they said.

"I was not living at that time," he answered, smiling. And then added, with a very serious face, "You had better ask Mme. Allan about it."

This lady, who was one of her rivals on the stage, was often the object of her jokes. Of course Augustine Brohan had many adversaries at the Comedie Francaise. The unsparing nature of her wit and her brilliant success as an artist were sufficient to give rise to petty quarrels. She used her power of repartee to rid herself of her assailants.

On one occasion one of them came to her and said laughingly, as if she had a joke to tell:

"My dear, let me tell you some stupid thing to make you laugh!"

"You have only to open your mouth," said Augustine, with an assumption of calm indifference.—Fortnightly Review.

**Lightning's Singular Freaks.**

Lightning strokes frequently result in blindness, deafness or paralysis. Sometimes the lightning assails a single object on a man's person without apparently touching the man himself. Coins have been melted into they, stuck together in a man's pocket while he suffered no ill consequences. Keys, watches and watch chains, metal cartridges and eyeglass frames have been more or less damaged while the person who wore them was almost uninjured. There have been many cases where clothing has been almost demolished without injury to the wearer. Iron pegs have been pulled out of shoes, and rubber boots have been destroyed frequently. The brass eyelets were torn out of a Georgia man's shoes, but he felt only a slight and harmless shock.—New York Evening Sun.

**Stories of the Old Towns.**

Richard and Dorothy Townsend, in writing the chronicles of their family speak of one branch whose members were once among the principal gentry of the west of England; yet, the story goes, when money was granted by the grand jury to them for improving the highways they used to lay the coins in rows on the ground and call on the passersby to swear that they had seen the money "laid out on the road."

But queer stories may be told of most of the old families. One very hospitable Mrs. Townsend loved to keep open house, and when carload after carload of cousins were seen driving up the avenue an astonished visitor asked the hostess where she could possibly bestow so many guests.

"Ah," she answered, "I needn't trouble at all. I've a very obliging cook and a very accommodating butler, and they'll each take two or three in their beds."

All were not so hospitable, and the opposite extreme from this good old lady was a Mr. Townsend who had a fine place entered by a beautiful avenue of trees.

One day a friend met him and said, "I was caught in a storm the other day near your house, and I sheltered myself under that big oak in the avenue."

"Ah, now, 'tis a pity you stopped there," exclaimed Mr. Townsend; "if only you'd gone 20 yards farther down the road, you'd have found a much thicker tree."—Youth's Companion.

**Dean Swift as an Autocrat.**

Partly from respect for his abilities, partly from the actual value of his assistance, partly from amusement at the novelty of the thing, the great world surrendered itself as a conqueror. Dean Swift never flattered. When told that the Duke of Buckingham desired his acquaintance, he answers that the duke has not made sufficient advances to him yet. When asked to a dinner party by a secretary of state, he insists upon drawing up a list of the company. Even ladies have to bow beneath the yoke. However beautiful, wealthy or high-born, they must always appear as supplicants for Dr. Swift's acquaintance. Even then his rule is far from easy.

"Lady Burlington," says he, "I hear you can sing. Sing me a song." Her ladyship presents such an unceremonious address and refuses. "Why, madam," says Swift, "I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons. Sing, when I bid you." As Lord Burlington only laughs, the lady bursts into tears and leaves the room. This does not soften Swift. He meets her a few days after. "Pray, madam, are you so proud and ill natured now as when I last saw you?" is his greeting. The man's fascination is so strong that all yield to him.—Dean Swift and His Writings.

**The Virus of Bees.**

A Vienna scientist has made a series of interesting experiments with the virus of such insects as bees and wasps and comes to the conclusion that the effectiveness of the irritating substance depends largely upon the mood of the insect. A drop of the fluid taken from the poison bag of a dead hornet, for instance, produces a slight itching, but nothing resembling the inflammation caused by a hornet's sting with a much smaller quantity of the same virus. This theory is supported by the curious fact that under the influence of rage the saliva of all sorts of otherwise harmless animals can become virulent enough to produce alarming and even fatal symptoms. Death by blood poisoning has more than once resulted from the bite of a wounded squirrel, a chipmunk or a caged rat.—Baltimore Times.

**Just Like a New Englander.**

"Yes, sir," said the nasal cicero who was showing the saunterer over a Maine village. "Yes, sir, we have some queer critters here. Now, there's that feller Jones that just come outter that house there. Why, he kep' his wife there tew whole months 'bout a buryin' of 'er. Don't believe it, dew yew! But it's a fact jest th' same. 'N what's worse, no one in town don't even speak tew Jones." But," said the astonished saunterer, "haven't you any physicians or any coroner's jury here?" "Yes," answered the guide as he closed his fingers over the expected fee, "but 'twarn't no case for them. She warn't dead!"—Boston Budget.

**One Way of Looking at a Crowd.**

A gentleman who had promised to meet his wife in a large establishment where all sorts of things are sold at low prices was making his way through the throng of women. Forced to pause for a moment near a counter behind which stood a pretty saleswoman, he blurted out:

"Is there anything on earth that would reconcile a man to such a crowd as this?"

"Yes, sir," was the quick reply. "Belonging to the firm."—Exchange.

**Sure of His Watch.**

Fond Mother—For gracious sake, John, that child has got your watch in her mouth and will swallow it!

John (bachelor brother-in-law and very fond of babies)—Don't be the least alarmed, Mary, I've got hold of the chain; it can't go far.—London Tit-Bits.



**STRUCK IT RICH.**

A Case Showing That Blood Will Not Always Tell.

He opened the door of a Gratiot avenue restaurant and limped slowly up to the cashier's desk in a pair of soggy rubber boots three sizes too large.

"My dear sir," he whispered, leaning confidentially over the railing, "I am sorry to trouble you, but my boot is full of blood."

"Human blood,"

"What do you mean?" faltered the cashier, instinctively looking the money drawer.

"I mean that I am bleeding to death," said the newcomer calmly. "I shouldn't think of intruding upon you," he continued, "if the situation wasn't so serious. About an hour ago I was assaulted by two men and stabbed. I made no complaint. I am game clean through, but I'm getting weak now and must have nourishment. Won't you give me a little something—anything you will, but help me fight for life. I am sorry to trouble you," added the stranger, glancing down apologetically, "I see my boot is leaking."

The cashier looked over the railing with a skeptical expression that quickly changed to horror. One by one the bright red drops were oozing from the toe of the stranger's left boot, making a small but gory pool on the restaurant floor.

The cashier's hair almost stood on end. "Hi, there, William," he called in agitated tones, "bring a bowl of beef tea, double portion, and anything else that's hot and handy, and bring 'em quick."

Ten minutes later the injured visitor limped toward the door.

"Thank you," he said gratefully, "I feel better already. I can get to the hospital alone now."

"That's right," answered the cashier encouragingly, "and here's 50 cents to help you."

"Pretty rough case," remarked a man who was paying his bill as the stranger closed the door.

"Rough?" ejaculated the cashier. "It's awful. There's lots of fakes come in, here every day, but that fellow's straight, I can tell."

When the injured visitor reached the corner, he was joined by a thin young man.

"Any luck?" he asked anxiously.

"Yep."

"Square meal?"

"Middle."

"Money besides?"

"Some. The acid in that cursed red ink is biting me toes."—Detroit Free Press.

**No Time to Lose.**

First Swell—Aw, Chawley, my dear boy, what a waitin' pace you are goin this mornin'.

Second Swell—Aw, yass, Fitznoodle, my dear fellow. Don't detain me. I'm hard at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me.

"By Jove, Chawley, what are you doin'?"

"I'm dodgin' my creditors."—Tit-Bits.

**Natural Query.**

"What day of the week is this?" inquired one of the passengers coming to the city on a milk train.

"Wednesday," replied the man addressed.

"I wasn't sure," rejoined the other, pulling his hat down over his eyes and composing himself for another nap. "I knew it was Wednesday when I got on."

**Careful of Him.**

"Yo' George Washington Snowball, come right in outen de sun," screamed a negro mamma to her child.

"Whaffur, mamma?"

"Whaffur? I'll tell yo' whaffur! Fust thing yo' know, yo' complexion'll be tanned as bad as de white trash."—Harper's Bazar.

**Not a Clear Record.**

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with the prisoner?

Witness—I've known him for 20 years.

Lawyer—Have you ever known him to be a disturber of the public peace?

Witness—Well—he used to belong to a fire and drum corps.—New York Weekly.

**DYSPEPSIA**

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel foul gases, Alleviate Irritation, Assist Digestion, and at the same time

Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

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**BALD HEADS!**

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delicately cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and grows hair on bald spots.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Hair Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward promptly, on receipt of price. Growers, \$1.00 per bottle; \$1 for \$2.00. Soap, 50¢ per jar; \$1 for \$2.00.

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